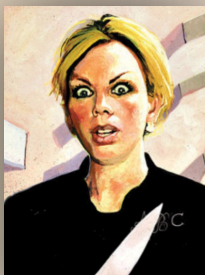




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# Food critic in hell



food

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## Chapter 1 by Joakim

**You are a food critic for the Times and will go on to write the most memorable review ever. You have just woken up on the hospital after a bad case of food poisoning. You are weak but have a deadline tonight, you begin your review**

"Tonight I dined in hell..."

## Chapter 2 by Monorilakkuma



...and was served their mainly known dessert, Ghost's Eyeball, it was certainly an odd dish but what matters now is that what it TASTES like. It did look like an eyeball, but a huge one. I grabbed my knife and my fork, I slowly cut open this "eyeball" in its middle part. "

"What came out was quite surprising, there was meat-like creature that was roasted. I felt a little disgusted but I picked up one of those using my fork and examined it before taking in for a bite. "

"My eyes widened as the flavour of this unknown meat melted onto my tongue, and it was

perfect. I did not know why but it certainly tasted like steak but better, I guess? As I chowed down the food, I took out my notepad and wrote down each and every food I had tasted, was written on it."

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" I wrote down what I had thought in mind about the dish I was served. Then, the waiter arrived to serve the restaurant's second dish. It was called Werewolves' Ear, it sounded even odd than the first dish I was served earlier. But this dish.... in a form of a soup? "

" I picked up the spoon that was placed beside the knife's, and as I scooped up the liquid, I swear I saw a little metallic colour in it? I hesitated but my hand had already fed me. I swallowed it, I tasted blood? No, that can't be it. And there was a meat chunk in it, but it was soft and tender. "

" I choked and..."

### Chapter 3 by Chloe



Choked and choked. The metallic sensation filled my senses. The horror, in which I had just swallowed had found itself lodged at the back of my throat. I desperately tried to swallow the meaty chunk, as my throat bleed with the blood of whatever I had just consumed.

What happened next was.....

### Chapter 4 by -



What ever it was that I had swallowed got twisted. Later I found out it was a sharp bone. It punctured my throat, ripping through my flesh and sticking straight out.

The waiter watched in amusement as the manager came out to see what had happened. The man looked at me and chuckled.

"Again? Haha!" And the manager grabbed the bone and pulled it out of my neck. "Wallah my good man, here it is!" He slapped my back and put the bone in my hand.

### Chapter 5 by Nathan Zilora



Startled, let my eyes comeback together. The manager and waiter was just watching me! I couldn't believe it, I realized that they weren't trying to feed me, they were trying to kill me! They know I was a critic and they didn't want to be criticized! So I said to my bloody self "Look

these fellows want to knock the stuffing out of me! Am I going to leave without retaliating? Isn't that what they want? Go give them a taste of their own medicine! Who there messing with? After that inspiring speech I had a little more to say. "I'm not leaving without my text meal!"

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The waiters looked surprised. No one had ever asked for *another* meal. Most people just ran the heck out of there the first instant they got...

But I wasn't going to play there game. I was going to switch things up a bit.

This time, *they* would be the ones running out this hell!

### Chapter 7 by -



As they brought the tray back, I tripped one of the waiters. He fell beside the table and landed on a butcher's knife he had been holding. (I won't describe the gory scene).

But the waiter carrying the food out, didn't seem to notice. He just stepped up with a pig headed platter and set it on the rotting table.

My features contorted into a hideous grimace. The sight was truly disconcerting to the core. And by now, the whole place was really quite a mess, and the workers began to look around puzzled.

It was then, that the manager finally showed his ugly face.

### Chapter 8 by -



"Ho HO!" The heavy set man chuckled up beside me. He landed his thick arm on my shoulder and patted it several times. "Wuh, we got us a regular riot out here now don't we?"

My spine crushed under his beastly weight. I heard a loud crack and then felt the wooden chair beneath me crack. I fell to the hard ground, feeling splinters pierce into my flesh. I scream in anger and pain as I jumped up from the floor, covered in the blood of the dead waiter.

A frown suddenly crossed the manager's clouded face as he glares down at you. "Look what you have done to my humble place of service!" He roared, shaking from head to foot in a red rage.

I took the hideous table and gripped it tight. Then pulled up and flipped it over, spilling the rich juice and inner guts upon the floor.

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I spat at the manager's shoes.

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Living Hell

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